

THE TIME-SERVERS: Or, A TOUCH OF THE TIMES.
Being a DIALOGUE between
Tory, Towzer, and Tantivee,
At the News of the Dissolution of the
Late Worthy Parliament at Oxford.



The EXPLANATION of the FIGURE.

Reader, here is presented to thy View
The true Effigies of a *Popish* Crew:
An Irish *TORT*, and a *Popish* Priest,
And the Cur *TOWZER* (to make up the jest)
All on the speed for *Rome*; *TORT* o'ertakes
The Clergy, and, his Company thus bespeaks,
Spur on (Sir Priest) Spur on, The day's our own,
If that a *Papist* comes t'injoy the Crown:
The *Parliament's* dissolv'd, the Coast is clear,
No other Obstacles we need to fear:
Macmarra cursed be, and *Harris* too,
That lets the world know what it should not do,
In spite of all their tricks let us but joyn
Our Forces, all is ours, my life for thine.
Do you but prate and write, let me alone
To make the way for a *Succession*
By other means, and our Attempts shall be
Rewarded both with wealth and dignity;
Act with thy Brains, and I'll act with my Sword,
Thou shalt a Bishop be, and I a Lord.
When that day comes--With that the Priest spurs on,
Bauling (at every jog) *Succession*:
Let things go how they will, better or worse,
The Saddle should be laid on the right Horse;
I'm for the true Successor's constant sway
O'th' *British* Scepter, let the world say Nay:
Let Care himself, and his Fanatick Crew,
Say what they will, *Princes* must have their due.
Princes must have their rights, *Religion*
Must always pay its homage to the Crown:
Tis my belief, I know no *Deity*
On Earth to be ador'd, but *Sovereignty*.
The question lies not, how we are t'Obeey
Or Suffer, but whose right it is to Sway
The Scepter, Theyr's the right, the duty's ours,
To be obedient to the Higher Powers.

Conscience, that silly thing, that keeps in awe
The trembling *Vulgar*, must not check the Law;
The Laws of *Empire* are most sacred things,
People will have their due, and why not *Kings*.
The times were glorious, and the Nation flourish'd,
When th' *English* Church by *Mother Church* was nourish'd.
But since 'twas weaned from her Breasts, we find
How She is wasted, languished and pin'd;
Revenue's gone, Promotions scarce and few,
Not half enough for the *Tantivee*-Crew.
The times must mend, we must reform the State,
And I will do't, or sink under my Fate:
Winged with all the haste I can, I come
To pay my Homage to the *Church of Rome*;
Towzer run on, and *TORT* clear the way,
Till I a *Myter* get I will not stay.
And then he hum'd himself, and spur'd again
A full *Tantivee* speed with a loose rein,
And bended Body; *Towzer* trips before
(As brisk now as he was in times of Yore)
And whiles the other bawl's *Succession*,
This barks and yelps nothing but *Forty-One*.
A cunning Cur to think to drown our fears
Of future dangers with forgotten Years:
Well thus they troop together till they come
Unto the confines of desired *Rome*,
And here the *Holy-Father* ready stands
With smiling Countenance, and reared Hands
Lift up to bless them, In the one is Gold,
The other doth a gorgeous *Myter* hold,
These (as the guerdons of their merits) he
Allures them with; And thus betray'd are we
'Twixt our known Enemies, and feigned friends,
Ayming by serving thus their own base ends,
Us into *Popish* Slavery to bring,
Which God in Heaven prevent--God Save the King.
FINIS.